

January 17th '96.

My Own Darling,

It is quite late
and your little girl is
tired, though I am sure
I don't know what with.

I answered

Your dear sister's letter today
I received a note from
my cousin, Mallinson
Randall, (who is organist
of St Andrews Church);
this morning expressing

his desire to call and
make my acquaintance

I shall soon have

such a list of calling
acquaintances that I
shall have to flee to
Chicago in self defence

I had a grand
lesson with Madame
today, she was simply
radiant over my singing
and more than that,
she is enthusiastic over
me, myself, she says.

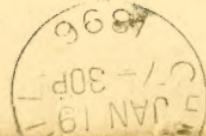
"Oh mademoiselle Ernestine
I have never a pupil like
you. You are all soul

and ineloquence. You make me
(and do)
to overdo myself." Do you remember
the "King" we heard in "Lohengrin,
Plançon, the great baritone. He is
one of Madame's pupils, She trained
him entirely. Many of the artists
of the Italian Opera company are
studying with her, while here in
New York. They embrace the opportunity
to brush up with a great teacher.
I shall write all this to Daddy.

You need not feel so obliged
to report to him.

I am so glad you
have an assistant in the
"Lawn" work. If you ever
chance to get hold of a
copy of "Lowell" read
"Auf wieder sehen" I waited
to read it to you, once, but
did not dare. I read
it the other night, and
knew that you could, and
would, feel it now; And
you would read it just
as tenderly as you read that
little letter from out of Ley
to me, one night, before the
fire at your home, with the
tears in your eyes, my dear one.

Yours Darling, a good
night and a Dame tender
kiss from the one who is
all all yours.



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